



# Story of the strange sad little man



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## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Once upon a time there was a strange little anti social man who lived on a street, and he never talked to anybody but himself. When he went out he would avoid people, and inwardly would be thinking negative things about the people around him, and this was the daily life cycle of this strange sad little man.

On one particular day the sad little man as usual put on his long overcoat (regardless of weather conditions) and his bowler hat, and went for his daily constitutional around the local park. However, on this day he had a strange sensation of being watched, and could have sworn that some people were even laughing behind his back, and even some children were running in-front of him & pointing.

This made him have even deeper negative thoughts about everybody & everything, and decided that it was best to get home & be as far away from all those stupid silly people as possible. Children followed him all the way home laughing as he became more furious, and just as he had reached the garden gate he heard one child shout "A penny for your thoughts mister"!

Chapter 2 by Luke Stevens



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"A penny for my thoughts?" he asked. "That's what you're offering?"

"Um, well, yes sir, I guess I am," said the child, somewhat bewildered.

"Well, are you or aren't you? Don't equivocate! I can't abide it," the sad little man snapped.

The child, a scrawny boy of perhaps ten years, stuck out his chest slightly. "Okay, yeah. A penny for your thoughts. Why not?"

"I see. And you do *have* this penny, little man?" he asked, eyeing him with genuine suspicion.

"I've got a penny! I've got one right here!" protested the boy.

"Alright then, let's see it." The misanthrope crossed his arms.

Smiling triumphantly, the boy produced a battered penny from his jeans pocket. He held it up for inspection: "See?"

"Fine," snapped the man, snatching it up. "You want to know what I think? Well you've paid for it, so now I'm going to damn well tell you, so listen up!"

### Chapter 3 by intellikat



The strange, sad little man leaned his face forward toward the boy, twisting his face into his Well-Practiced Leer.

"You children laugh and jeer at me because I'm peculiar, don't you?"

Any bluffs, intentional or otherwise now thoroughly called, the boy simply nodded.

"You're queer. Queer folk my da says."

Yes, yes...! Queer, odd, nasty, mean, dull, repulsive, rude, ill-tempered... the list goes on. Do you

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**Chapter 4 by jeffyb**

A windowless van pulled up next to the group and on the side it clearly said "Free Candy".

Two honks sounded from the air horn of the van and the sliding door swung open. Another old and quirky man emerged from the belly of the van and said, "Hey Jerry! You comin' with us tonight? We got a huge score at the new kindergarten on Olive Street."

**Chapter 5 by intellikat**

"Taaaaaash!" fustered the strange, sad little man. "It's Wheel of Fortune tonight, you bastards!"

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